



A PONY NAMED Spike



TAMMI • HELSINKI

Englanninkielinen nimi *My Little Pony, A Pony Called Spike*
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1

DRAGONS DON'T GET CUTIE MARKS

A cute-ceañera was being thrown in Ponyville. A little pony had discovered his special talent and his glorious cutie mark: A magician's hat and magic wand.

"Wow!" Spike the dragon marveled. "A cutie mark like that would suit me too."

"It's too bad dragons don't get cutie marks," Apple Bloom, founder of the Cutie Mark Crusaders, apologized. "If you were a pony, we'd help you find your own special talent too."

"Really?" Spike said and then frowned thoughtfully. Equestria was so full of magic, so maybe a dragon could become a pony.



2

JUST A LITTLE MAGIC

After the party, Spike wanted to talk to Twilight Sparkle. The princess had studied magic ever since she was a foal, so turning a dragon into a pony must be a breeze. However, Twilight refused Spike's request.

"You shouldn't mess with magic Spike," she reminded him. "You're gorgeous and unique. You're good just as the dragon you are. Never forget that."

"I know." Spike said, but the thought of a cutie mark didn't leave his mind. The more and more he thought about it, the more and more important it seemed. If he wasn't a pony, he'd never experience the thrill of looking for a cutie mark or the joy of finding his own calling.

Luckily, Twilight wasn't the only one who could do magic. Spike knew who to turn to, even if there was no going back



3

A MYSTERIOUS TIP

That night, Spike rushed out of the castle and walked straight into the Everfree Forest. It was a wild and obscure place whose bowels contained weird plants, strange beasts and stranger magic.

Spike, however, was too preoccupied to be afraid. He didn't hear the bushes shuffle or notice the gleaming pair of eyes in the dark as he marched decisively to Zecora's cottage.

"Well, little dragon, I do not see the issue. You wanted to ask for something from me, did you?" the zebra rhymed when Spike arrived.

"I just need a simple potion." Spike explained. "One that will change me into a pony."



“There is no safe magic you can use that can change your claws into hooves.” Zecora informed.

“But it’s important!” Spike pleaded. “I need a cutie mark. Everypony else has one. How else will I know what my calling is?”

“It is just something life teaches us in time, so you can leave all of your woes behind.” the zebra uttered.

“Of course,” Spike sighed. It seemed that he would never become a pony. “Thanks anyways for the advice. Goodbye.”

Zecora’s eyes twinkled as she recited for Spike another, rather mysterious tip:

“Keep open your eyes and open your mind, and a delicacy not to be consumed you shall find...”





4

A SPARKLING TREASURE

Spike's head was spinning. Zecora was a wise sage, but what in the world did she mean?

"Keep open your eyes..." Spike muttered and looked up. He then flinched, for behind the foliage, there was a mysterious cave that he hadn't noticed before. Curiosity got the best of him and Spike veered off course to explore the cave in better detail.

"Hello?" the little dragon murmured. He was already thinking about turning back before he saw something small and sparkly flicker in the darkness.

"Monsters don't sparkle," Spike said and snuck into the cave. That's when he noticed an odd gem on the wall. It gleamed invitingly with shades of green and purple.

Spike removed the gem and his stomach growled insistently. The dragon was already about to pop the treat into his mouth until he remembered Zecora's

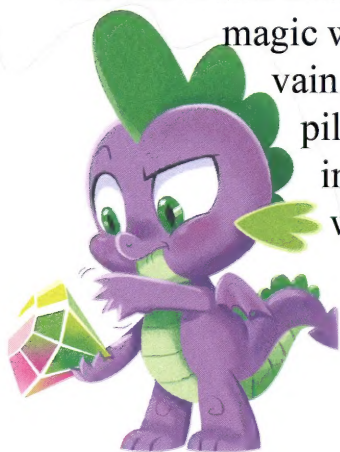


words: A delicacy not to be consumed you shall find. Did the zebra know Spike would run into the mysterious jewel? Zecora said he shouldn't eat it, but why not? Was it... magical?

Spike lifted the shimmering, sunbathing rock in his palm and solemnly recited some magic words. "Oh great rock! Make me a pony!"

However, the jewel refused to cooperate. So Spike took it with him to the castle and experimented with a variety of tricks to get it to work. He rubbed it like a magic lamp and uttered all the

magic words he knew, but it was all in vain. Spike slipped the rock under his pillow, looked out of his window into the night sky and whispered a wish upon the stars. "If only I could be a pony..."



5

WHAT IN THE WORLD?

In the morning, Spike woke to a chill. The castle was often chilly, but his toes were freezing. Spike tried to pull his feet back under his blanket, but his blanket was too small, as was the basket he slept in. Or was it something else?

Spike almost squealed when he saw the long, purple pony legs, which obviously belong to... himself!?

No wonder his feet were cold: The basket was far too small for the pony he'd become!

He became a pony! Spike wanted to laugh with joy, but Twilight Sparkle was still asleep, and Spike didn't want to wake the princess. First, he wanted to take his time to get used to his brand new appearance.

Spike gently stood up on his feet, taking his first pony steps and trying to center himself. Even though he now had four legs instead of two, he was t feeling more shaky.





Spike moved one leg at a time until he was at the door. But how do you open it? He thought for a bit and then grabbed the doorknob with his teeth with a look of disgust.

But Spike didn't want to complain. Yes, his wish had come true.

Spike closed the door behind him and gleefully trotted down the hall to the throne room. It wasn't too hard to trot when he put in some effort. His legs just moved under his own weight.

Spike immediately rushed in front of a mirror and gasped at the thrill of seeing himself. He was so enraptured that he didn't realize Twilight woke up to the sound of his hooves. Only her horrified scream made Spike notice the Princess in the doorway. There was quite a bit of explaining to do...



6

RESEARCHING IN THE LIBRARY

“Spike! Is that you?” Twilight Sparkle exclaimed and approached Spike with wide eyes.

Spike nodded proudly and twirled in front of the mirror. He didn’t have a cutie mark yet, and he couldn’t wait to get one in the search.

Twilight, however, thought otherwise.

“How in the world did you become a pony?” The princess. “And how do you reverse the spell?”

“I’m more interested in how I’ll find my cutie mark,” Spike enthused. “Your friends will help me, won’t you?”

“Spike, I promise to help only if you tell me who’s behind this magic.” Twilight said, trying to hide her worry.



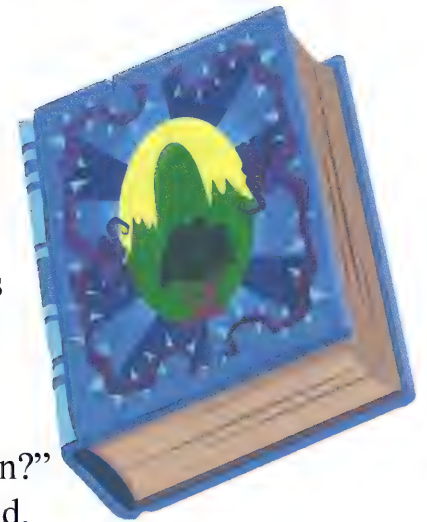
“Alright,” Spike agreed. “This pretty little one. The jewel granted my wish. I found it yesterday and slipped it under my pillow, and tadaa, here we are!”

“That’s quite a concurrence,” Twilight said skeptically. “Could you lend me the stone, please? I need to do a little research on it in the library.”

Spike did as he was asked. After searching through the old, yellowed books of the castle’s library, Twilight found the answer in an ominous book called “The Wondrous Wonders of the Everfree Forest”

“Apparently this is a real rare wishstone,” Twilight was amazed. “The book says that the stone’s spell wears off only when it’s no longer needed. But what does it mean?”

“I have no idea.” Spike said. “But the enchantment of the wishstone hasn’t faded away yet. Something important is still missing, my cutie mark!”



7

LOVELY, LOVELY RARITY!

Spike was bursting with excitement about his big adventure at the threshold. Twilight had promised to help him in his search for a cutie mark. They were going to head to the Cutie Mark Crusaders' clubhouse. They bet the little ponies would encourage Spike to try everything from carpet weaving to roller skating and horseshoe throwing too.

"Imagine if my special talent had to do with rare jewels," Spike said.

"It is very possible," Twilight sighed. "Perhaps you could ask Rarity for tips."

That's when Spike noticed who they were walking towards. The most stylish pony in town, with a cutie mark of three sparkly diamonds. Red spread across Spike's cheeks, for he had admired Rarity for ages. He wondered what Rarity would think of his new look.

Spike left Twilight behind and checked out his reflection in the windows of the shop along the street. He lifted his hooves, swished



his wings and... Spike's jaw nearly dropped, seeing something absolutely terrible! A cutie mark had appeared on his flank: A picture of Rarity with three pink hearts.

"Hey, Twilight!" Spike heard Rarity amazed. "Who is your new friend?"

Spike gasped in horror and began to reverse, which was very hard to do with his new legs. Why had a picture of Rarity popped up as his cutie mark? How could the beautiful pony have been his calling, and how could he explain it?



No, Rarity could never see the mark. Spike had to run!

After getting around the corner Spike made a sudden turn and figured out how to get himself out of this predicament: He would have to fly away from the object of his desire as fast as possible. Spike sped up to a gallop, spread his splendid wings, lifted up into the air... and thumped onto the ground head first.



8

A NEW WAY

Oh no, what a miserable display it was! Spike winced and shook the dust of himself and his, admittedly cool looking, but awkward pegasus wings. They were oddly thin and became a blur when they flapped, making them buzz strangely. If only he knew how to use them half as well as the flying experts, the Wonderbolts. He would have to go and escape before Twilight and Rarity can see him.

“There you are!” Twilight Sparkle exclaimed, causing Spike to lift himself up and look. What a relief: Rarity wasn’t with Twilight! “What are you doing? You just disappeared!”

“N-nothing,” Spike laughed. “I was just trying to decide whether or not flying is my special talent, but clearly I should stay on the ground.

“Well I don’t think so!” a voice called out from above, and Rainbow Dash landed next to them.

“Whoever you are, your place is in the sky. I can tell from your mark.”

“Huh?” Spike exclaimed and glanced back. Something had popped up on his flank. A picture of some stylish flight goggles. Ones that were worn by professional flyers. Was the Rarity cutie mark just a fantasy or a

delusion? Surely it must’ve been. The new cutie mark felt much more appropriate, and enthusiasm took over Spike’s mind again.

“Hey, you look kinda familiar,” Rainbow Dash pondered and recoiled back as she realized she was staring at Spike, who’d turned into a pony.



"It's okay!" Twilight calmed her down. "Spike is just testing out what it's like to be a pony. The magic of the wishstone will pass as soon as he finds his calling."

"But he's already found it!" Rainbow Dash exclaimed. "Maybe he'll just have to do it next. Get used to his skills. I'm on my way to Wonderbolt training. Why don't you come with me? It'll be fun!"

9 THROUGH THE AIR

Twilight watched with worry from the sidelines as Rainbow Dash instructed Spike on how to do her best tricks. After the dozens of belly flops the pegasus was beginning to bear, it was time for Spike to partake in his first rehearsal. He felt like a brand new pony when he wore his Wonderbolts uniform.

"I hope I don't turn back into a dragon after my first loop," Spike sighed as the ponies strode proudly to their practice.

"Probably not," Rainbow Dash said. "The best part about finding a cutie mark is to enjoy yourself. And who said you couldn't do some totally awesome flying as a dragon? We Wonderbolts know that the sky isn't the limit!"



His friend's enthusiasm caught on, and soon Spike caught on that enthusiasm was indeed needed. Even though flying was supposed to be his special talent, it seemed far from easy. Wonderbolts were supposed to take off one after the other, but Spike was left behind, unassisted. He always lost his balance and even managed to stumble through a few clouds. On the first somersault, poor Spike thumped on the ground in front of Twilight.

"Spike! Are you okay?" the princess panicked.

Spike nodded, but felt the disappointment he felt was overwhelming.

"Maybe my cutie mark isn't flying goggles? Diving goggles?" Spike suggested after a moment of reflection and pulled his flight suit off.

His friends all gasped at the same time: his cutie mark was gone.





10

SUGAR AND STARDUST

Word began to spread about Spike's pony transformation, and soon cutie mark. At the clubhouse, the Cutie Mark Crusaders gathered a large group of friends. They talked together aloud about Spike's new look. Rarity praised Spike's perky updo and striped tail, and Fluttershy marveled at his finely streaked wings. However, most interest was sparked from the story of Spike's mysterious cutie mark, which appears and disappears.

"Did you magically float when you got your cutie mark?" Apple Bloom pried as she reminisced on the moment the Cutie Mark Crusaders finally got theirs.

"Were there magical sparkles surrounding you?" Scootaloo wanted to know.

"Did you magically burst into song like we did?" Sweetie Belle asked.

“No, none of that happened,” Spike confessed. “The cutie mark just came and went.”

“Do you think you have cutie pox?” Apple Bloom worried, but Twilight shook her head.

“This is another kind of magic,” The princess said, “The laws of ponies don’t apply here. Perhaps Spike only gets a permanent mark when he finds the most suitable of his gifts.”

“I know the cutie mark that will stick to him like glue!” Pinkie Pie squealed. “Come with me!”

Spike and company followed Pinkie Pie to Sugarcube Corner.

“You’ve always been a good baker, so... why don’t you whip us up some delicious muffins?” Pinkie Pie urged and held out cups of sugar and flour in front of Spike.

“Can you get a measuring cup for a cup mark?”

Everypony watched in excitement as Spike began to bake, but nothing was happening.

“Oh well,” Spike huffed. “It looks like baking isn’t my special talent, but I actually wish I had something more exciting. Dangers, courage, great adventures... Huh, what’s the matter?”



Everypony was staring at Spike with their mouths open, and that's when he figured out that a new cutie mark had appeared. And it was no gentle beast, but it was the stupendous beast of the Everfree Forest: The stardust born giant bear, the Ursa Major.

"Wow, the Everfree Forest is calling me!" Spike exclaimed and stopped whipping the batter. "I knew I was made for adventure."



11 BIG AS A MOUNTAIN

"Slow down, Spike!" Twilight Sparkle exclaimed and accelerated toward the Everfree Forest next to Spike. "You should really talk to Fluttershy before you awaken the unpredictable giant bear."

"But this is my cutie mark.adventure!" Spike argued.

"True, but I want you to survive in one pony piece." Twilight replied.

Spike slowed down and agreed to listen to what the rushing Fluttershy had to say.

"It'd be great if mysterious creatures were your specialty, but it doesn't just pop up on anypony like that," Fluttershy recalled.

"You have to know a lot about animals, and you have to watch them from further away first. For example, do you know any lullabies you could use if you need to put a baby star cub to sleep?"



“A song?” Spike snapped and paused. “I have to sing?”

“Yes. If the baby bear is in a rowdy mood, only a calm lullaby will get it to

calm down. It’s the size of a small mountain, so...”

“A mountain!?” Spike exclaimed, and at the same time, the others started pointing at his cutie mark.



It faded and faded, until it finally disappeared completely.

"I should've known," Spike scowled, "I can't tame bears. I'm probably dreaming in vain of exciting adventures and great treasures."

"Or not!" Apple Bloom exclaimed. "There's a shovel as your new cutie mark, so our cutie mark hunt just turned into a treasure hunt!"



12

HOOVES IN THE DIRT

Everypony rushed to Sweet Apple Acres, and Applejack handed Spike a sturdy shovel.

“Oh... um... how do I shovel with no hands?” Spike wondered.

“Easy! You grab the arm of the shovel with your teeth, you place the tip on the ground and pedal deeper with your forelegs,” Applejack advised. “Piece of cake.”

Everypony gathered around Spike in a circle and watched Spike dig the first hole. No treasure was found. So Spike dug another hole right next to the first one. Then a third and a fourth.

“My teeth and hooves are getting tired,” Spike muttered. “Can you give me a hand?”

His friends assured him that together they’d find the treasure in no time.

They dug up the field



with their hooves until it was full of potholes. However, their only reward for their hard work was a rusty horseshoe and a variety of other worthless trinkets. Worst of all, the cutie mark had faded once again and disappeared out of sight.

13

BIG DREAMS

Spike sighed and hung his head unhappily. The search for a cutie mark was beginning to feel like a nightmare.

“Maybe I’m destined to stay a blank flank colt forever,” he sighed.

“Nonsense!” Apple Bloom comforted. “The more effort you put into finding your cutie mark, the more rewarding it feels to find your calling.”





“Don’t you remember how long we were blank flanks? How long we had to wait for our own? I wouldn’t trade away a day.”

“And forget the rush,” Sweetie Belle added. “This is the chance of a lifetime to try anything you want. Enjoy it and dare to make your dreams come true!”

Spike closed his eyes and pondered how wonderful it would be to act in a movie or travel in a space rocket to the moon. Or what if Spike was the King of all Equestria?

“Well, why don’t you just dream of one thing?” Scootaloo interrupted Spike’s thoughts.

“What do you mean?” Spike asked. Then he looked back and noticed the latest cutie mark, a shiny crown.

“Just now there was a rocket and a crescent moon.” Sweetie Belle told him.

“And before that, there was a video camera and a clip of film.” Apple Bloom continued.

Spike was overcome by an ominous thought that Twilight put into words:

“Of course!” the princess exclaimed. “It’s a wishstone, so your cutie mark



embodies your desires, not your calling. What in the world should we do now? Will the magic wear off when you travel to the moon or are crowned king?"

"I have no idea," Spike sighed. "But I know somepony who can help us...."

14

INSTANT REALIZATION

Soon, Spike and the entire pony troop marched into the depths of the Everfree Forest. Spike confessed that he'd been to see Zecora before.

"I think Zecora wanted me to find the wishstone," Spike said. "Maybe she wanted me to realize something important, but I'm just more confused than ever."

"Don't worry," Twilight Sparkle comforted her friend. "Cutie marks have caused all of us trouble, but things are turning around for the better."

However, Spike didn't feel any wiser even when they stepped into Zecora's cottage.

"Greetings, my pony friends. Has the cutie mark mystery come to an end?" Zecora asked as she stirred a special brew in a pot.



Spike was confused. “Well, no. Honestly, I just regret it. You were right when you said that there’s no need to rush your own calling. I think I just wanted a cutie mark so badly, I didn’t even wonder if I really wanted to be a pony. I don’t really want to go to the Moon, or become King.”

Twilight breathed a sigh of relief. “Well, what do you want most of all?”

“To be myself again,” Spike said. “I like being a pony, but I think it would be wonderful to be a dragon again. I want to breathe fire, fly with my own wings, help you send letters, eat gems, bake treats, take care of your pets and do all the things I love. I feel like that’s my calling.”

That’s when magic rippled up all around him. He was lifted up into the air and gleamed with magical light. But when he landed on the floor of the cottage, he didn’t have a cutie mark. And he wasn’t even a pony anymore: His wish had come true. On the way home, alongside the ponies, marched on two legs a happy little dragon.



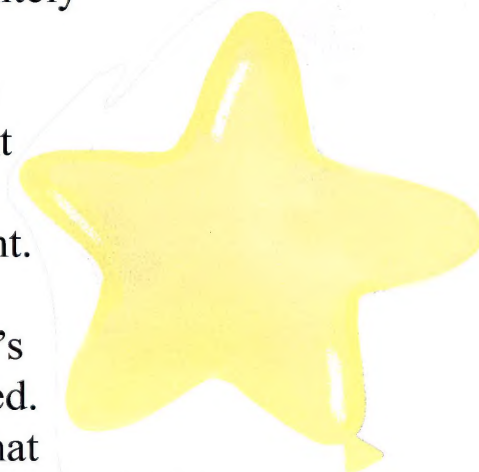
15

LET'S CELEBRATE

The next day, Sugarcube Corner celebrated another cute-ceañera, and for the first time ever it was thrown for a dragon. Although Spike was no longer a pony, and he no longer had a cutie mark, everypony thought he had definitely deserved his party.

"Isn't getting a cutie mark a great moment in a pony's life?" Apple Bloom thought.

"Yeah, and a dragon's too." Spike confirmed. "But I realize now that the mark doesn't matter,



it's the meaning behind it. I'm supposed to be me, and guess what I'm supposed to do right now?" Spike asked, but before anypony else could respond, he tossed the shimmering wishstone into his mouth and burped happily. "I better eat that gem. That way, I can never make another foolish wish."

The ponies laughed and cheered in unison.

"Hooray for Spike! A dragon forever and always!"